

# HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

WITHOUT INTERRACIAL JUSTICE

SOCIAL JUSTICE WILL FAIL

Vol. 8 No. 3

July-August, 1948

New York, N. Y. 10 Cents

## TRYOUT LEADS TO ARREST

Ten members of Friendship House staff and volunteers, together with a dozen members of CORE (Committee on Racial Equality), were arrested at Palisades Park on Sunday, July 25, when they attempted to buy admissions to the park swimming pool. Composed of Colored and White members, the group was organized in CORE's usual method to present a non-violent, peaceful demonstration of discriminatory practices on the part of the park management. Although the management stated that admission was limited to "club membership," White people in the group were able to buy tickets, proving that the White general public is admitted to the pool while Colored people are refused entry.

The White members of the group quietly refused to enter the pool unless the Colored members were also granted admission. When the line refused to leave the ticket window, the management called the police, who arrested the entire group on charges of "disorderly conduct," though their actions were nothing more than requests to purchase tickets and refusals to leave the line in front of the admissions window. Courtesy and good behavior, both before and after the arrest, were marked.

## STAFF WORKER ON VACATION

By MARY HOUSTON

CALIFORNIA here I come... and was the staff at NY ever glad to wave me bye-bye for my first annual vacation. Their endurance and charity have been amazing. But how can one help extolling her native state? The real test will come when we get a native Texan on the staff! Seriously, the first vacation of a Friendship House staff worker is a sort of milestone. One goes back to the life one has left with a changed outlook—a little more, we humbly hope, with Christ's eyes, as that is what our work and indoctrination are geared to. It is broadening for us to get away from the harmony of our interracial living, and travel is possible, and meet

with lots and lots of people who don't agree with us at all.

It was also interesting for me to meet many young lay people in the West who are in accord with our ideas and are anxious to go ALL OUT for Christ, but who have for the most part never even heard of the various group apostolates—our own, the Catholic Worker, the Grail, Young Christian Workers, to mention some examples. They find it pretty hard to begin alone, especially because of the fact that to live the fullest Christian lay life these days one must dare to be different from the majority of one's acquaintances. There are many latent vocations to the lay apostolate lying around, it seems to me, and we've got to

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## We Change Our Name

The desire to have the name of our paper reflect its content more definitely and distinctly has led us to the decision to change it from Friendship House NEWS to

## THE CATHOLIC INTERRACIALIST

We hope to appear under our new masthead with the September issue.

—The Editors.

## Southern Prelate Condemns Race Pattern

Speaking before a meeting of the Kiwanis Club of Savannah, Ga., Rt. Rev. Monsignor T. James McNamara, rector of the Cathedral in that city, condemned the "legal pattern of segregation" in the South, which "stigmatizes" the Negro and "makes him a second-class citizen." It "dramatizes our South's flair for making laws and then disregarding their content," the prelate stated. "I ask you, gentlemen, have we segregation as the law of our Southland proclaims it? If we have, how explain that out of 13,000,000 reputed Negroes in these United States not more than 7,000,000 are biologically Negro in the full sense of the term? Do you wonder that the Negro irks under the burden of the legislative pattern of segregation when he finds the dignity of motherhood exploited to serve the passions of those who cry segregation?"

While he did not condemn segregation itself, Monsignor McNamara deplored the "hue and cry" raised in the South at the proposals of the President's civil rights committee. "What he [the Negro] wants more than anything else by the way of civil rights," he said, "is the assurance of the vote, unmolested, knowing that then and then alone can he earnestly pursue happiness in the sense of our country's declaration of principle.... I am sure that all right-thinking citizens, irrespective of skin pigmentation, will subscribe to the statement, as made by the President's committee, to the effect that 'In a democracy each individual must have freedom to choose his friends and to control the

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## READING MATTER

Our friends' contributions of Catholic books and magazines have aided us in our work among our neighbors in Harlem, and also in providing reading matter for patients in our hospitals, where untold good has been accomplished. Also it has enabled us to send many bundles to India, China, the Philippines, etc., in answer to many requests from missionaries, seminaries, and convents. On request, we can supply addresses to enable our readers to mail direct.

Catholic weeklies we have in abundance and are unable to mail at present because we have not the postage. Could you help defray expenses on these supplies we want to send, in answer to the appeals of those who are spreading our faith in foreign lands?

## Faculty and Lecturers At School of Interracial Living

THIS YEAR, in addition to the Friendship House staff, the Friendship House School of Interracial Living held every summer at St. Joseph Farm, Marathon, Wisconsin, has the assistance of a number of authorities on the liturgy and on interracial studies from all parts of the U. S.

From Denver, Colorado, Father William Markoe, S.J., comes with a series of lectures on interracial techniques and the doctrine of the Mystical Body. Father Markoe, a graduate of West Point before he became a Jesuit, has had a long history of work and effective action promoting interracial justice.

Rosary College, River Forest, Illinois, loans its authority on anthropology, Sister Mary Ellen O'Hanlon, O.P., well-known for her pamphlet, *Racial Myths*.

Father Daniel Cantwell, former professor of sociology at Mundelein Seminary, will lecture on the liturgy and contribute from his vast store of practical knowledge gained through work with the Catholic Interracial Council, the Catholic Labor Alliance, and as moderator of the Chicago Friendship House for the past five years.

Resurrection Parish, Harlem, New York, sends Father Edward Dugan, who has recently been appointed moderator of the Harlem Friendship House. Father Dugan has had long experience, having begun his interest in the interracial question as a seminarian.

Father Claude Heithaus, S.J., whose name has become an important one to those concentrating on interracial progress and who was named 'Man of the Year' by the Milwaukee Interracial Commission, is to give several lectures, as will Father Philip Weller of Dorchester, Wisconsin, best known for his fine translation of the canonical blessings.

An experienced and competent lecturer on racial matters, Sister Helen Angela of the Sisters of St. Joseph, St. Margaret's Academy, Minneapolis, will present the course in liturgy during the term from July 25 to 31. Father Herman Porter of the Sacred Heart Fathers, Hales Corners, Wisconsin, is to teach liturgy during the August 8-14 session. In addition, throughout the weeks, round-table discussions will be led by volunteers of long-standing in Friendship House, who through their work in their own homes, parishes, and communities can give much help to the students.

The plan of the school continues to be a rounded one of

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## Segregated Prices

People can be incredibly mean in the cause of money. Not just a miser here and there, but a great number of people. And the most miserable indeed are those who bathe on their fellow human beings confined in segregated areas.

Here is an evil within an evil. People iron-bound, and for far too long iron-curtained, in a dismal area that was run-down before they were permitted to be jailed there (and that for not one upstanding, logical reason), are subjected, moreover, to wholesale money-gouging.

Nearly everything costs more in Harlem than it does in white neighborhoods. Exposes of the practices of Harlem merchants have often been printed in the Negro press, and some years ago the NAACP published a booklet called "Food Costs More in Harlem." But for all the publicity not anything seems to have been done about it, at least nothing that our observation has been able to detect. There are striking examples, such as the fact that tomatoes could be bought in middle-class white Manhattan for from 21 to 25 cents, while in similar stores in Harlem they were 39. And there are petty examples, like the bread that sells in white A&Ps for 15 a loaf but costs 16 in the Harlem A&Ps where we priced it. Margarine is 45 a pound for Whites, but 47 for Colored people. One day we bought some chopped beef for which we would have paid 59 a pound in a white neighborhood; but it was 65 in the large butcher shop in Harlem. And some weeks ago in a small shop there we saw a sign over a display of DUZ, reading "Special—only 39c" and DUZ was available in small groceries downtown for 34 or 35c. We wondered how much it was when they weren't having a "special."

These comparisons could go on ad infinitum. Clothing stores, pharmacies, hardware shops—everywhere we have noted differences in price. Several instances have been called to our attention in Woolworth stores: for ex-

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## HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

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## CLAMAVI

**F**ROM THE DEPTHS I HAVE CRIED UNTO THEE, O LORD, says the psalmist of old, and we of the twentieth century can well re-echo his cry. For most assuredly we are in the darkness of the pit of fears, doubts, and temptations.

All around us the world crumbles. Peace has departed from the heart of men. Charity lies dying. Hope like a thirsty flower slowly folds its blooms. **LORD HEAR MY VOICE.**

What has happened to the Children of Light? Have they ceased to be lightbearers? Have they retired into the grey twilight of the ordinary, the common-place, the safe refuge of hear nothing, see nothing, say nothing, do nothing?

It cannot be . . . it must not happen . . . for we Catholics are commissioned by the Lord Himself to be apostles, and apostles do not hide behind the walls of safety, nor abide in the twilight of indifference and complacency. Afire with charity, they boldly venture into the open. Theirs is the broad daylight of strife, for Christ gave them a sword that cuts clean across all dross, like a surgeon's knife, healing and restoring.

Let us be done with shibboleths, sophistry, human prudence and respect. Let us shake off the sleep from our eyes, and be about our Father's business. The whole world is ours to conquer for Christ!

Behold the cry of the multitudes for bread. Let us feed them. Now. Today. **LET THY EARS BE ATTENTIVE TO THE VOICE OF MY PETITION.** With faces upturned to heaven for the benediction of Christ, we can do it in Him thru Him, for Him! The fetid slums of the Harlems of America call to all Catholics with a voice hoarse with tears, spurned hopes, and hunger. Wide open are their gates for the apostles of Christ, to go and live there, sharing the despair, the squalor and poverty, in order to bring their inhabitants back into their lawful inheritance of children of God.

Jewish slums, Italian slums, Chinese slums, American slums—all the back alleys and streets of our big cities—need God's light, God's truth, God Himself. Christbearers, are you listening to the silent voice of the poor, forgotten have-nots? Are you ready to bring Christ back to those He loved above all, the poor?

Green rolling fields, age-old forests lying in a beauty that catches one's breath, hold a poverty and ugliness whose stench is doubled against such a background. Empty farmhouses, neglected farmlands, youth with its face turned cityward, families that starve amidst plenty—are also waiting, silent and inarticulate, for apostles who will bring God back to the green fields, blue rivers, and fragrant forests.

Luxurious penthouses, modern factories, gin-mills and hash houses. Colleges and schools. Neat middle-class residential sections. All need to be restored to Christ. The vision of the apostolate is infinite. And in each section of it the enemies of God are at work. Souls are perishing because we Catholics are timorous, afraid, easily scandalized.

No one is going to conquer the world for Christ from an easy chair. Nor by reading many learned books, and being an academic expert in every fine point of Catholic Action. No! It will be done by arising and going out into the heat of the day, working in the sweat of our brow, getting sweaty, dirty, and maybe verminous. It will be done by those who, not afraid of human respect, will dare to be different . . . for Christ's sake. It will be done by those who, walking in peace, charity, humility, poverty, and obedience—not as vows, but accepted in the blaze of a great love—will become part and parcel of the teaming masses—the working masses, the rural masses—for the love of God!

Gill, "Growth,"  
And Grace

There were about 26 of us in the group who, at Dorothy Day's invitation, spent a week at the Catholic Worker Farm, Newburgh, New York, to study Cardinal Suhard's pastoral letter, *Growth or Decline?* There were people from the Catholic Worker, who daily rub shoulders with "men of distinction" and the shadows thereof; girls who had taken courses at the Grail and were putting Christian principles to work in Brooklyn; a seminarian of an Eastern Rite; office workers who belonged to the YCW; students from Catholic U. and Columbia; several writers, one of them from *Integrity*; a laboratory technician interested in theology; an employee of a department store; two teachers; and a sprinkling of workers from the Newburgh farm itself. Though I was the only one from Friendship House, everyone there was interested in the interracial apostolate.

The first two days were spent with Father Victor White, O.P., who told us about Eric Gill, whom he had known well. Father White did not agree with everything Gill said, believing that Gill's theories serve as a corrective rather than a norm. Though he could be very imprudent he was always straight and honest and most lovable, and humbly agreed, in private, that others' views, contrary to his own, might be quite right and their differences reduced to the terms of prudence. Gill did not consider himself a thinker or a writer, but a maker. He hated the divorce of art from every-day work and proclaimed that his means became ends.

On the third day of our week we had a conference with Dorothy Day on work. She spoke of attitudes toward work: those of a slave, a servant, a child, a lover. We are sometimes in the lowest category, sometimes a bit of all four, but we must always strive toward the highest. Moreover, by work we pay a debt, in union with Christ.

During the remainder of the week, with Father Pierre Conway, O.P., we discussed *Growth or Decline?*

Cardinal Suhard takes the challenging position that the Church is beginning, not declining. Sometimes people are referred to as "modern" apostles. But why qualify? Either we have the same spirit as Christ's Apostles—or we have not. Suhard does not seem to be a distributist; and he proposes immediate steps rather than a long-range program. He opens the door to socialism by advocating state control of public utilities and implies that city and factory are here to stay. But he also says it is the soul that is trying to find itself today and the "hour of God's return is ringing."

The working man is more disposed to accept truth because he does not have to rid himself of the false ideas given by modern "higher" education. But he is not going to become an apostle spontaneously. There must be an intermediary, in the persons of those in contact with him and with the clergy, whose sphere of activity does

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## Readers Write

## Brothers and Sisters, Colored and White

Dear Friendship House,  
Enclosed please find check for fifteen dollars and fifteen cents. This is a contribution, or a donation, from the school children of St. Mary's, in East Islip, grades one, two, and three.

The children were most happy to make this donation to you, for your splendid work among their Colored brothers and sisters. We know you, too, are grateful for the smallest amount.

Sincerely yours,  
Sister M.J.B., SSND.  
Long Island, N. Y.

## For Christ and His Poor

Dear Miss Knight,

Here is a little contribution to your noble work for Christ and His poor. I hope that it is multiplied many times from other sources. Please see that Ann Harrigan gets a slice of it [for Chicago Friendship House].

May God continue to bless you and fill you with confidence and trust in Him.

Sincerely,  
Father J.  
Washington, D. C.

## From the Young—

Dear Baroness,

The Crusader Staff of John Baptist High School, under the authorship of our adviser, Sister M. Evangeline, has succeeded in collecting about a hundred kerchiefs for you and your worthy cause.

Sister Evangeline is and has been very interested in your work for some time, and recently has enlisted us in your cause.

We realize that our contribution is small, but we hope that the merchandise, which we have just mailed in two separate packages, will be of some help.

Very Sincerely yours,  
The Crusader Staff  
Bangor, Me.

## And from the Old

Dear Miss Knight,

I am glad you reminded me about the subscription of your little paper. I have always read it with interest, as I was so glad to hear of the wonderful work you all have done. I have sent the papers to a man in Africa who asked for some in one of your publications. And as I am getting so old and my eyesight is failing me, I am wondering if you could send my copies on to him. I am enclosing a couple of dollars in this.

With all good wishes for all your good works—

Sincerely,  
A.M.H.  
Athol, Mass.

## A Bit Late With This One, But—

Dear Harlem Friendship House,

I am enclosing a check for \$10 for which I would appreciate your sending to the address below [the Women's Lounge of Dayton University] 10 copies monthly for one year of your splendid paper, *Harlem Friendship House News*.

During the month of February I made some valentines which it had been my first in-

tention to send to your children for a Valentine party. But I got a better idea: I would sell these valentines to school children—in one case of a private school, the Notre Dame Country Day School, they were auctioned. I collected \$25. This amount has been divided among the Chicago, Canada and New York Friendship House branches. It is a pittance—but it represents or rather symbolizes my good will, which would do much more for you financially were it within my power.

May God continue to bless your work abundantly.

Yours in Christ,  
Sister A. I.

Dayton, O.

## We Can Use a Lot Like This

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is one dollar. Please enter my subscription to your paper, to begin with the current issue.

Very truly yours,  
W. O.

## More School Kids

Dear Miss Knight,

Enclosed is a check for seventeen dollars, a gift from the eighth grade of Ursuline Academy. The children enjoyed working for you this year.

I regret that the year ended, so quickly; they would have written themselves if there had been more days in that last week of school.

It is a splendid work you do and we were glad to help by doing our small part.

Sincerely yours,  
Sister L.

Cincinnati, O.

## After MCK's Visit South

Dear Miss Knight,

Your letter of April 10 has been read and re-read many times and the truth is I've put off answering until I had time to talk with you. Don't judge my interest by the long lapse in answering. I've been on a steady, steady go and you'd run if you saw my desk . . .

Thank you for the Friendship House May issue. I sent mine to Father McShane today. Your article was tops—we got quite a laugh.

Enclosed find \$2—one for my subscription and the other for the 25 copies that your paper is offering. Please rush them as I want to get them circulated among people I hope will become subscribers.

I am sorry that work was so urgent at the time of your visit as I wanted to take you to a couple of places in New Orleans. Maybe you visited them anyway.

I agree with one of the readers whose letter of criticism stated: "Don't give Friendship House the clothes and other articles that you don't want."

People have to be taught to give what is good and usable, not old and worn. People so often give blemished things. Teach them the joy of giving.

When I go shopping for Christmas I'll know what to get for people: subscriptions to Friendship House News.

I'll write you with any news of racial interest next week or before the month is out.

Sincerely,  
J. C. W.  
Thibodaux, La.



## THE SCOREBOARD

TWO NEGROES were among the candidates recently raised to the Catholic priesthood at St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn. They are Father Bartholomew L. Sayles, O.S.B., and Father Harvey W. Shepherd, O.S.B. Both priests are natives of New Orleans, La., and studied at Xavier University in that city.

STUDENTS AT Immaculate Conception Academy in Dubuque, Iowa, have resolved to boycott places of business in which intolerance of any kind is fostered. The resolution has been approved by the faculty at the school, and student committees have been sent to other Catholic schools in the city to solicit cooperation.

AN INTERRACIAL COMMITTEE of leading Catholic laymen has been set up by Holy Name Societies of New Orleans. Its aim is "mutual exchange of thought and action" between racial groups. "This interracial group is the first step, too long delayed, in the direction of concerted action toward a higher spiritual development for all Holy Name men," said J. Elliot Sheehan, retiring president of the Metropolitan Council of Holy Name Societies, in announcing the move.

WALTER STARNES, a Negro attendant at Winter General Hospital, Topeka, Kansas (Veteran's Administration), has been named "psychiatric aide of the year" and awarded \$500 by the National Mental Health Foundation, Philadelphia. Dr. Karl A. Menninger, head at Winter General, describes a psychiatric aide as a "friend and companion of the mentally ill," and "an ambas-

sador from the 'normal' world. Walter Starnes," he adds, "is an ambassador extraordinary. The qualities for which he was chosen—kindness, tact, sensitivity to the needs and feelings of others, patience, humility, and above all, character—could very well make Starnes the outstanding man of the year."

REGARDLESS OF RACE, color, or creed, properly qualified American women will do graduate study in the fine arts at the new Institute of Pope Pius XII. The Institute will be conducted in the former villa of Myron Taylor, President Truman's personal representative to the Vatican, by the Dominican Sisters of Sinawawa, Wis., who also conduct Rosary College in Illinois. Taylor and his wife, Episcopalians, donated their 15th Century Florentine residence to the Pope last year with the request that the Dominican Sisters be given it as a center for graduate study.

DOM BASIL MATTHEWS, O.S.B., a Negro Catholic priest, member of Trinidad, BWI, Interracial Benedictine Abbey and founder of its Institute of Social Research, urged people there to fight with all constitutional means for ownership of land now held by a few landlords. The populace have been demanding land reform but the government is averse to breaking up the huge holdings of the landowners. Father Matthews told his audience that land is the greatest wealth of any people or nation. Ownership of the land is the people's birthright, he pointed out, and together with economic prosperity has an important bearing on Christian marriages.

## JERSEY AND JUDEA

Wall Township, N. J., June 12.—A fiery cross was planted last night on the lawn of the home of Leroy Hutson, a Negro, on Pacific Ave. The 7 by 10-foot cross burned brightly. It had been saturated with an inflammable liquid and was held together with baling wire.—New York Herald Tribune.

The other day over in Jersey some Americans put up a cross some white Americans some white American Christians put up a cross. They didn't want a Negro American, who was probably a Christian also, to live in Wall Township anymore. So they put up a cross a flaming cross on Leroy Hutson's lawn just to let this Negro American—who was probably a Christian also—get the general idea that he wasn't wanted. The cross was saturated with an inflammable liquid—so the papers said—and was held together with baling wire. That's what the papers said. But you know what it was really held together with don't you? You know what the inflammable liquid was don't you? Sure—you know. That cross was held together with prejudice and the inflammable liquid that burned so brightly in the night was hatred.

## PEOPLE'S SCHOOL

By Betty Schneider

A new version of the country school is fast becoming a reality out in the rolling-hill country of Northern Wisconsin. The little, old red schoolhouse with its three "R's" of learning may be little more than a happy memory. But a big, round, red barn and a 79-acre farm outside Marathon City, Wisconsin, are the locale for a new kind of rural school. Its three "R's" are the dynamite for a true Christian revolution—a knowledge and a love of the liturgy, and understanding of the doctrine of the Mystical Body, and action flowing from these truths.

Four years ago when Friendship House obtained the use of the former Stieber farm, through the courtesy of Chicago's Auxiliary Bishop, Bernard J. Sheil, a School of Interracial Living seemed a remote dream. The novel old barn was so huge and ghastly; the shingled farmhouse so far from the bright, comfortable center and girl's dormitory it has become. This summer, however, a third series of classes will be living at St. Joseph Farm. Learning, working, praying, and playing, they are striving to learn more about God, and about making the world around them God-centered. For only recently our Holy Father has again emphasized that "it is unquestionably the fundamental duty of man to orientate his person and his life toward God."

The School of Interracial Living is no ordinary school. There, one is not surprised to find business man and student, workman and teacher, sitting around the long, rough-hewn table in the white-washed barn, discussing the problems of Jimcrow or those of a Christian trying to be a Christian in the USA in 1948. One is less surprised to find students at off-periods weeding in the garden, or at meals taking their turn at dishwashing and serving. Small

as the groups are they sometimes contain people from opposite ends of the continent in the same class session. One wonders what common interest could draw together and harmonize such a diverse group. The answer is clear after running through a day or two of activities.

It is not pure intellectualism. It is not a form of escape from the baffling problems of living to a novel kind of vacation. Rather, it is an attempt to learn to live more richly, to find the tools for becoming a leaven in this society of ours, which makes it hard for all to live fully and to remember the reasons for being here—a society which presents so many challenging questions and offers so few satisfying answers.

Sixteen years ago, Friendship House was begun in a rambling, old house in the slums of Toronto, Canada, to help answer some of those questions. It hopefully planned to live and grow as the Holy Spirit wished it to, trying in all ways to "restore all things in Christ" through simply living the Gospels. Basing its full life on the Mass, the Sacraments, and the counsels of perfection, it went to those in need, as Christ did, to help alleviate human conditions, to bring the fresh, cooling effect of the word of Christ.

Ten years ago it came to Harlem, New York City, to face the un-Christlike enigma of racial prejudice in a society which calls itself Christian and democratic. Its tool was nothing ornate nor large-scale. It was just an identification as completely as possible with people with problems, together with a prayerful, simple life. There was no great specialization of labor; there was not the strong objectivity of social workers; there was only the living of the Gospels. It is that, and the fruits of its experience in dealing with racial problems, that the Friendship House school sets out to teach. For the atomic power of real Christian living, it feels, must be exploded to the four winds.

So, in the same way that a little \$28-a-month apartment on 138th Street, Harlem, grew into a Friendship House through the prayer and work of many, so, too, the School of Interracial Living came into being and has grown. Dozens of its students, its visitors, and its friends have shaped its physical set-up. The student who gets the idea of making curtains out of feed-sacks, tinted a bright yellow, will probably be delegated to help brighten up the men's dormitory in the upper part of the barn. At the moment, ideas for an outside shower are in the embryo stage. Before the last week session of 1948, it could be a reality. So each participant adds to the whole in the making of the school, that making which is the true definition of Christian art. The plan is simple, almost homespun. It, nevertheless, has a charm completely foreign to the advertised, artificial charm so common and so far from reality.

All is not sweetness and light in the work and in the

—Frank Miller.

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## SEGREGATED PRICES

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ample, when we were decorating our Friendship House storefront in Greenwich Village, we found lampshades in the 39th St. store for 39c, and the very same item in the 116th St. store for 45c. Two of us spent a whole day this summer checking prices in Woolworth stores in and out of Harlem; we found petty discrepancies, for the most part, though on the whole we did not tally up so bad a record as for food stores.

The NAACP booklet presents by far the most scientific survey along this line that we have seen. The only stores that came out with a clean slate were the COOPs, which charge the same prices no matter what district (poor or affluent, Colored or White) they serve. But the others show a cruel record of what segregation has brought upon the Negro. Part of the data was a compilation based on a sample shopping list drawn up, and the items priced in six neighborhoods comparable on the basis of income levels. The following tabulation shows the total cost of the items on the list in each of the selected areas:

|                            |        |
|----------------------------|--------|
| Harlem                     | \$3.88 |
| Greenwich Village          | 3.65   |
| Chelsea-Hell's Kitchen     | 3.75   |
| Lower East Side            | 3.60   |
| Greenpoint (Bklyn)         | 3.68   |
| Bedford-Stuyvesant (Bklyn) | 3.67   |

The highest differential is 28c; the lowest, 13c. That may not seem like so much in a day's shopping, but consider it when the differentials are computed over a week's or a month's time; and consider it in view of the fact that Negroes receive the lowest per capita wages of any other group. "For every dollar," says the NAACP booklet, "spent on food the Harlem housewife has to spend at least 6c in excess of what the housewife in any other comparable section is required to pay. For a woman with a family of four (five members altogether), even though she feeds them on . . . \$5.00 per person per week, it means just this: she spends literally \$1.50 per week for the 'privilege' of shopping in Harlem. By the end of her month's shopping it totals \$6.00 or \$1.20 per person. In one year the family has paid about \$72.00 or \$14.40 per person."

Charts and graphs, lists and tabulations in that booklet make a record that is nothing short of bloodcurdling. Item by item it showed that the highest prices in Harlem are higher than the highest elsewhere, and that the lowest are higher than the lowest elsewhere. Another result was the disclosure that chain stores "literally exploit in Harlem to a greater extent than the independent stores."

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Well, it all ended in the way such things always end, with State Police and thirty-five men and shot guns at the foot of that cross.

A long time ago a very long time ago two thousand years ago some other people put up a Cross.

Scribes and Pharisees Doctors of the Law and those who were hard of heart. They caused another Cross to be put up. They didn't want a certain Man who was also God to live among them anymore. So they hammered Him to a Cross. They nailed Him to a Cross.

They killed Him on a Cross. This Cross also was covered with an inflammable liquid—a more inflammable liquid than the world had ever known—the life blood of Christ. At the end there were just three people at the foot of this Cross. Two women and a man and sorrow and silence and love.

Now Christ was hanging on that Cross in Jersey as surely as He hung on that other Cross in Judea. And on the night wind that fanned the flames of that Cross in Jersey, was borne a Voice—"Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees Woe unto you, Doctors of the Law Woe unto you, white citizens of Wall Township. He who has ears to hear let him hear." But most of us are so damned deaf.



## VIII. After Pentecost

By MARY QUINLIN

The weeks after the feast of Pentecost are called a continuation or prolongation of the cycle of the Redemption in the liturgical year. There will be twenty-seven of them this year, 1948, and Sunday after Sunday we will be presented with the lessons our Lord came to teach. When He promised the Holy Spirit to the Apostles, He said that the Paraclete would recall to their minds all the things He Himself had told them. This time of year is "the reign of the Holy Spirit," and the Church is literally recalling to us the whole of Christ's teachings.

"The time after Pentecost is so long," people often say. And indeed it is the longest stretch in the cycles. The brilliantly occurring feasts in the cycle of the Incarnation, and the preparation for and celebration of Paschaltide in the cycle of the Redemption, seem exciting by comparison. But two factors should be taken into consideration. The first is that this season after Pentecost is filled with feast days of the saints, those who truly lived the supernatural life which the whole Church year is devoted to fostering in us. Each saint is an example of the teachings of Christ, which we are receiving Sunday by Sunday, and so in the daily Masses we find specific applications of the principles which lead to sanctity in these heroes of the Lord whom we are to imitate.

Our second consideration is the fact that maturity is a long process. The child doesn't take long in coming to maturity by comparison with the long years of mature life wherein he must grow in grace and wisdom. The time after Pentecost corresponds precisely with that time of life.

Spiritually we had our beginning when we received the supernatural life at our Baptism. It was renewed when at Confirmation we entered spiritual adulthood, which is only the incipience of spiritual maturity. Supernatural life has been increased by every sacrament we have received since then. If we are not living that life within us, we are in danger of losing it. But if we are living it we are necessarily striving constantly toward mature increase in it. That growth must be a "regular, normal, and tranquil development" of the grace within us, as Abbot Delatte described the process of growth in monastic life, but which applies to any advance in sanctity. We have the Theological Virtues, the Moral Virtues, the Gifts of the Holy Spirit, and the Fruits of the Holy Spirit. Above all, we have the Very Source of all these, as well as of the supernatural life itself, in the indwelling Spirit. To guide and enliven and inspire us to live by all these riches we have the Masses for the Sundays after Pentecost. The texts chosen for them are "instruments" for "the divine working of the Holy Ghost in the souls of men." Our faith "suffices to make them bear the most precious fruits of salvation in the soul who surrenders herself to the creative work of

the Holy Ghost the Sanctifier" (Missal).

Advent, the beginning of the Church year, saw us striving to perfect ourselves that we might bring a measure of increase and strength in the supernatural life to Christmas, when we celebrated Christ's taking our nature to become one of us. Christmas to Septuagesima was a period of developing maturity. Septuagesima, Lent, and Passiontide again saw us deliberately and carefully training ourselves for further growth, so that at Paschaltide, the feast of new life, we might celebrate our Lord's glorification by further triumph over self and a real step in achieving what He came that we might have: participation in His nature as He participated in ours by His Incarnation. Now, in the weeks after Pentecost is the time for all this to bear fruit.

Constant, deliberate, steady, careful, disciplined growth: that is what the liturgical year plans for us, if we but follow it. It

is not a cold and lifeless representation of the events of the past, or a simple bare record of a former age. It is Christ Himself who is ever living in His Church. Here He continues that journey of immense mercy which He lovingly began in His mortal life, going about doing good, with the design of bringing men to know His mysteries and . . . *live by them*. These mysteries are ever present and active . . . they are shining examples of Christian perfection, as well as sources of divine grace, due to the merit and prayers of Christ; they still influence us because each mystery brings its own special grace for our salvation. Moreover . . . the Church, while proposing for our contemplation the mysteries of our Redeemer, asks in her prayers for those gifts which would give her children the greatest possible share in the spirit of these mysteries through the merits of Christ (Pius XII, Mediator Dei).

Again the liturgical year is in a sense the recapitulation of the history of the world. Advent brought us back to the pre-Christian ages, when the world longed for a Redeemer to restore what Adam had lost. Christmas to the Ascension brought us to the physical life of our Lord on earth. Now in these long weeks after Pentecost we recognize our present, "Christian" era, which is to last until the end of the world. And the Gospel for the Mass of the last Sunday after Pentecost is our Lord's predictions about the last day. The Epistle for that Sunday is a wonderful passage from St. Paul to the Colossians, which serves as a sort of summary of all the teachings that this time after Pentecost should have ingrained.

## NOTICE

For a Negro young man who has finished high school, with or without some college work there is a scholarship open in the

## SULPICIAN SEMINARY

Address: Very Rev. Lloyd P. McDonald, S.S., Rector, 401 Michigan Ave., N. E., Washington, D. C.

## ON COMING OF AGE

By BOB HAMMOND

I sensed something lacking in myself, something not completely genuine in my first approach to Friendship House. This was especially true after my first fervor had worn off, after my first six months as a volunteer. I knew that my attitude was static, rather than dynamic. I had seen the atrocious poverty of Chicago's Black Belt and the smug pride of far removed areas, the killing fear of the white fringes. I had seen the sin of discrimination and hate born of the blind emotion of the ignorant. But I had not as yet been nauseated by the monstrous spectre of virulent prejudice on the part of the well-educated, "good" Catholic.

The little room that I had obtained five blocks south of the U. of C. was comfortable. But tension runs high in this neighborhood because it is a "border" area. Though the section is "restricted," colored families had been buying property in the westernmost part since 1942. There were frequent acts of violence by whites against their new neighbors—thirteen in 1947. But when a Negro purchased a three-flat house in our block last March, a new foothold had been established by the "Black invasion." The solid citizens of this old and respected community mapped a plan to meet the new crisis.



About April 10 printed signs began appearing in the windows of the buildings in our block. "Not for sale—we are loyal to neighbors and community." I had seen the little colored child play with her new neighbors; now I noticed that they no longer played together.

At this point I ventured to ring the doorbell of one of the neighbors, an outstanding Catholic family of the parish. I had chanced upon the block captain of the local resistance movement. She is the mother of the family, a graduate of one of the city's Catholic universities, and the sister of a priest. On the surface was a calm understanding, a commonsense approach to a social problem. But immediately beneath was a tremulous fear,

## Credo and Pledge

## Of the Omaha de Porres Club

As MEMBERS of the OMAHA DE PORRES CLUB we firmly believe that:

A. ALL MEMBERS of the ONE HUMAN RACE, without any exception whatsoever, have been equally endowed by the CREATOR, through HIS promulgation of the NATURAL LAW, with fundamental HUMAN RIGHTS.

Consequently, we recognize the following inalienable rights in each and every member of the HUMAN RACE.

THE RIGHT TO LIVE A FULL AND COMPLETE LIFE, to the utmost of their capacity, both in PRIVATE and in PUBLIC, which includes:

1. The right to be recognized as a MEMBER of the HUMAN RACE.
2. The right to be treated with the respect and dignity DUE every member of the HUMAN RACE.
3. The right to be integrated into the SOLIDARITY of the HUMAN RACE.
4. The right to choose the BEST means to living the FULLEST and MOST COMPLETE LIFE POSSIBLE.

B. Consequently, since every individual human right implies a corresponding OBLIGATION on the part of others to respect that right, always keeping the COMMON GOOD in view, we as MEMBERS of THE OMAHA DE PORRES CLUB, utterly condemn as UNJUST every violation of the above mentioned inalienable human rights. Specifically do we condemn as UNJUST:

1. The estimating of some members of the HUMAN RACE as essentially inferior human beings.
2. Anything and everything that tends to FRUSTRATE in any way the living of the FULLEST AND MOST COMPLETE life POSSIBLE in another.
3. Every form of COMPULSORY SEGREGATION.
4. Any and all forms of DISCRIMINATION against individuals because of COLOR.

C. We recognize the above not only as violations of JUSTICE, which requires that we render unto every HUMAN BEING his DUE, but also as violations of CHARITY, which further require that we LOVE OUR NEIGHBOR AS OURSELVES.

D. CONSEQUENTLY, as MEMBERS OF THE OMAHA DE PORRES CLUB, we pledge ourselves to regulate our own dealings with others in accordance with the above TRUTHS and PRINCIPLES, and, further, we pledge ourselves to strive in every way possible to get others to do the same.

fanned by the statement of a real estate man that her property had depreciated \$1,000 overnight. This emotional dynamite exploded when I made my own convictions known, and when I visited the colored family (who refused to remove the chain from their door when I knocked). The Catholic mother threatened me with removal from the neighborhood; she accused me of being an agent of an interracial, and therefore subversive, organization. Another neighbor, the mother of a priest and grandmother to more than a score of children, a practical Catholic who had attended countless novenas and missions from her youth, acknowledged that she felt that charity obliged us only to a mere condescending kindness. Three days after I had talked with these "sensible" Catholics, the fence was torn up and the front window broken at the residence of the colored family.

The Catholic who hates is living a lie. The religion of this breed is a sectarian thing, like the religion of the converted pagan who offers incense to idols in the privacy of his tent, yet believes himself to be a Christian.

Pius XII has said that Christ's Mystical Body "is not unlike its Divine Founder, who was persecuted, calumniated, and tortured by those very men whom He had undertaken to save" (*Mystici Corporis Christi*). The members of His Body whom Christ loves most, these least, His brethren, continue to fill up what is lacking in His sufferings.

This experience is what made my association with Friendship House real. Perhaps, indeed, I am coming of age.

## Harlem Volunteers

By SHEILA MCGILL

We got off to a flying start this summer with a farewell party for John Carr, who left us for the seminary. His farewell was staged in the FH tradition, complete with a hammy play that gave us the opportunity to give full reign to our sorrow in saying goodbye.

Lately the vols. have been helping the staff sell the paper on street corners on Saturday afternoons. Special mention goes to Mathilde Matano and Herman Creary—they really make things hum.

June 27th the staff and vols. went to St. George's Ukrainian Greek Chapel and heard Mass in the Byzantine-Slavonic Rite—quite an impressive mouthful. Afterward we all descended on an unsuspecting drugstore for breakfast.

July 11th we had our regular Communion Breakfast. The staff, vols. and their guests attended eight o'clock Mass, then had breakfast in the Library. Muriel Zimmerman was the speaker, explaining the movement to the guests who had not been to FH before. We were very pleased to welcome the YCW as our special guests.

That seems to be all this month—for a change there are no engagements or weddings to report.

## FACULTY

(Continued from page 1)

study, play, work and prayer, with students, teachers, and staff all participating, to make for the fully integrated Catholic life.

Further information can be gained by writing Miss Betty Schneider, School of Interracial Living, St. Joseph Friendship House, Marathon City, Wisconsin.



## Harlem Reporter

By M. C. K.

If the good monk who composed the *Salve Regina* could be with us some of these hot summer evenings while we're singing that lovely hymn at Compline, he would probably think the devil was persecuting us by terrifying noises. The loudspeaker across the street might be blaring out that new song that sounds like a giant hen singing "Cut-cut-ca-docket." Know the one I mean? The trolley cars (the only ones left in Manhattan, as far as I know) make clanging and exploding noises. The drums of our Girl Scout band make our floor vibrate. A big truck seems to be falling to pieces because of a big hole in the pavement. But God is here, too, and we say Compline as well as we can in His honor.

### Harlem Support

We have received much help from the people of Har-

### PEOPLE'S SCHOOL

(Continued from page 3)

study. It is a school of people and not angels. But the tasks, the lessons, and the play are all refreshed by the daily *Missa Cantata*, and the living of Christian love which builds not on insipid sentimentality, but on a real acceptance of all with their faults and their virtues.

Lest the idea be given that days run in a mad, undisciplined fashion, there is a plan. Lectures and classes are systematically planned, informal as the setting may be.

Following Prime each morning, there is a lecture on the liturgy, the fountain-head and source of the lay apostolate. The liturgy comes first, for have not our recent Popes often noted its prime importance? Pope Pius X framed what has been termed the principle of lay active participation in one tremendous sentence, when he stated, "Active lay participation in the liturgy is the foremost and indispensable font of the true Christian spirit." The doctrine of the Mystical Body is treated in all its fullness. Afternoon study is devoted to applications of doctrine, to discussions, round-tables, and talks on interracialism and the lay apostolate. Compline, the night prayer of the Divine Office, is said immediately following supper.

There is time for gaiety, for skits, for dancing, for laughter. And there is also an underlying keynote of stillness and meditation, brought into being by the very setting of St. Joseph Farm. On a hill, it lies within walking distance of a Capuchin monastery, whose prayer bells can be heard throughout the day. St. Mary's, the parish church, almost seems to protect the whole countryside, from its perch on the tallest hill in view. The grazing cattle on the green and tan hills, the whole atmosphere in fact, has a quietness, professing a closeness to God.

The new baby of the Friendship House lay apostolate is growing and beginning to use its lungs. It is a people's school, in the truest sense. It aims to educate not in a material brotherhood of man, but in the richness of the brotherhood under the fatherhood of God. This, it knows, can bring the peace of Christ to a confused, unpeaceful world.

lem, particularly from our neighbors in the big housing project at the end of our street, beside the East River. Many of them read our Manifesto in the window, showing our belief in the brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of God and our desire to work to obtain rights for all Americans. Our letter of appeal for help has been answered by a great many people.

### Homeless Men

Homeless men have a terrific problem in Harlem. We see many of them sleeping on doorsteps, in parked cars, even on the sidewalk, with their caps for pillows. There is no decent free shelter for them. Even for those who have money it is hard to find a room. The municipal lodging house is horribly overcrowded. Drunken shouting prevents a man from getting a night's sleep. His clothing may be stolen or become insect-ridden. A man can't get a job unless he looks presentable and how can he look presentable after sleeping in his clothes all night? He can't get on relief until he has a room and he can't get a room without money. He tells others his troubles and they buy him a drink! Then he is classed with the "undeserving poor." We try in our small way to get him out of this hopeless situa-



tion by paying his room rent (if he can find the room) until he can get on relief. We help him fill out the interminable blanks. The part that lists addresses for the last three years goes on and on. We try to encourage men to get out of New York but many are from the South and they don't want to go back to jim-crow. Better sleep on the sidewalk than live in continual fear and hypocrisy. Please pray for all of them—and give a Colored man a break on a job.

### Explanation

One of our friends is shocked by our frivolous way of mentioning bouncing checks. "It's illegal," says she. "Any twelve-year-old who can add and subtract can balance a checkbook." So we'd better explain that we don't bounce checks for fun. It's too expensive. Nor do we enjoy that all-gone feeling in our bank account. One check bounced because four buses were all set to take our children on a trip when the driver demanded a check before he would start. We knew we would be short if we did it but hoped that some check hadn't been put through yet. Our hopes were unfounded. The second one bounced almost a

### The Life of the Baroness

## TUMBLEWEED

by

Eddie Doherty

Bruce Publishing Co., N. Y.

## HOORAY FOR CATHOLIC ACTION

By STANLEY VISHNEWSKI  
I AM SOLD on Catholic Action. No one has to talk twice to get me interested in some work or activity of the Church. It may be the foreign missions, a charity drive, a bazaar, a bingo, a bridge game, taking the census, or even buying tickets for the women's social tea. No matter what the activity is, my pastor can always depend on me for some brilliant suggestions and worthwhile criticisms.

Hardly a Monday goes by that some lucky pastor doesn't receive in the morning mail a detailed and carefully worked out criticism of his sermon. I am extremely zealous about this phase of my apostolate and make it a point to take notes on the manner in which the curates conduct themselves during Mass.

The bishop, God bless him, understands perfectly well my desire to relieve him of some of his duties by assuming on a purely voluntary basis my work as Spiritual Policeman of the Diocese. From time to time I send him a detailed account of the conditions prevailing in the religious and charitable institutions under his care. Thanks to me, the bishop is the first to know if any of his priests preach heresy from the altar or fail to conduct themselves in the manner which I believe fitting to their dignity.

You will also find me in the forefront of every line and endeavor of Catholic social action. Visit the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists and you will find me there debating the various means of combating Communism. Stop in at Friendship House and you will find me giving the staff a valuable criticism of the manner in which they run their organization. The Young Christian Workers can always depend on my presence and direction at any of their parties. The Bishops' Committee receives from time to time some of my brilliant suggestions. It is a pity that the Pope is so far away....

My pastor is sometimes annoyed with me because he thinks I don't devote more time to work around the parish. But the dear man doesn't realize that after attending lectures, rallies, bridge parties, bingo, and all the other forms of activity I am just too tired. There are many pious women and elderly men who can well assume this obligation. We who are young must take on the more spectacular and heroic tasks.

My pastor can at times be positively insulting. The other

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year later because someone made a mistake in adding. Someone's culpa, probably me. If any businesslike person reads this (it seems unlikely) I hope he'll realize that we do try to be legal and careful with God's money.

## The Baroness Jots It Down

*Tumbleweed* is out. My biography. Written by Eddie Doherty, my husband. Published by Bruce of Milwaukee. It hit the street this month.

I confess it is hard to take. Having one's biography written while one is still in the land of the living. I strenuously objected to it, but when priests, bishops and even higher ecclesiastical authorities told me that it would help others to start, or join, the lay apostolate, I surrendered.

Yet, I maintain still that there is no biography to write. My so-called story is really not mine at all. It is the Holy Ghost's. For it clearly shows His workings in a human soul, filled with dross. It seems to me that one does not write up the instrument, but the craftsman, who uses it to produce master-pieces with.

I am but an instrument. An unimportant, rather rusty, and not at all sharp one at that. Only the Great Craftsman could produce anything with it. Nor is Friendship House my creation. No, far from it. It is His. His and that of a band of wonderful young people of Canada and the United States who, leaving all things, came at His calling to build what is Friendship House today...not with hands alone, but hearts, minds, bodies, and souls. It is of Him and His works in us that a book should be written. It is of them and their sacrifices and their conformity to His most Holy will and directions, that another book could be written. But not of me, except to show His mercy and goodness.

But in obedience to a higher authority than my own mind and will, the book has been written. In truth which is humility, I beg such as will read it to thank the Lord with me (I can never thank Him enough) for the immense grace He has given me. To be an instrument in His holy hands, for the salvation of souls and the foundation of the little portion—the Portiuncula—of His vineyard known as Friendship House.

Madonna House is a busy place these days. July and August are visitors' months here. They come and go in a steady stream, and we are happy to offer them such hos-

### MOTHERS' CLUB NEWS

Our plans for the August 22nd picnic are well under way and a large attendance is expected.

Sad news reached us during the month. The husband of Mrs. Derricks was killed one Saturday evening by a car while he was out on business for the Holy Name Society. His burial was from St. Mark's Church. Though we hoped our floral offering expressed deep sympathy, we felt that the Mass we had offered for his soul was the best consolation to offer. May he rest in peace.

The Mothers' Club plans to help with the Friendship House bi-monthly Communion breakfasts. Past experience in getting breakfast for children in the youth groups assures smoothness in this service.

See you next month.

pitality as holy poverty permits.

And holy poverty is surely with us these days. I have been looking hard the last few days at a little slip of white paper which simply says in a few terse statements that our bank balance was overdrawn \$76.45. What is there to do about it—but take the bank book, as Flewie always does, to Church and show the Lord this concrete evidence of our complete poverty, and then leave the rest to Him. And that is exactly what we did.

The summer school is in full fling now at our St. Joseph Farm in Marathon, Wisconsin. It is a unique school. The only CATHOLIC SCHOOL OF INTERRACIAL TECHNIQUES in this country. Yearly it becomes more and more known. It is also an experiment in Christian living. One of its students once said to me that she never knew Catholic living was so wonderful, so joyous. That is the sad part of our modern thinking. We have forgotten that the service of the Lord is a joyous thing. If you want to find out, why not enroll for a term of one or two weeks this year, or next year for sure. You will not regret it.

Eddie is really better. Again we thank all and everyone who wished him well and prayed for him. My son George is getting married this coming August to a lovely Catholic girl, Miss Penelope Sieh of Aberdeen, S. D. Please say a little prayer for him and his bride-to-be, that they may walk their lives before His face always.

### SOUTHERN PRELATE

(Continued from page 1)

pattern of his personal and family life."

The prelate referred to two proposals made in Savannah by the diocesan council of the National Council of Catholic Women five years ago, one of which, the appointment of Negro policemen, was put into effect. Allowed to arrest only Negroes, these officers are still not permitted to report to headquarters, however. The measure will "not have been fully effectuated," stated that Monsignor, until the Negro policemen report to headquarters, "since theirs is a responsibility to the whole community, even though their arresting powers are restricted."

The second proposal of the Catholic Women was that Negroes "be permitted to move from the lanes and alleys of the city to housing projects, which would be available, once the war was terminated." This, however, was not passed by the post-war planning committee of the city.

"My purpose is to face facts," the Monsignor declared, "and my hope is that facing them we may be inspired to give greater substance to the American dream of equality before the law. Mark you, I did not say 'social equality,' because in my estimation that is a red-herring used by those inimical to our country's best interest to divert attention from the substance of things."



# Down on the Farm

By LAVERNE LISSY

Shining eyes took in the countryside in quick delight. Young voices tumbled and rose over one another in excitement. "Look, there's Miss Betty! Hello, Miss Lorraine! O, there's the round barn! Where's the swimming pool?" The Brownies had arrived at St. Joseph Farm—five of them, from the Brownie troop of Chicago Friendship House—Chenille, Versa Lee, Arlene, Emily, and Wilhelmina. So began the first session of summer camping for children here at the farm. Pray God the program may grow and expand with the years.

It's been a most wonderful experience having the children here. Their courtesy and charming manners won observers over instantly. The kids are an ingenious, ingenious lot. The genial, capable seminarian, a visiting volunteer who drove them here from Chicago, Frank Kubert, was dubbed in quick succession, "Mr. Frank," "Mr. Frankfurter," and finally "Mr. Hot-dog." You smiled at the round-eyed wonder with which the little ones regarded the ordinary inhabitants of field, meadow, and river bank. It was difficult to believe that you yourself once took the same avid interest in all things coming from the hands of God—that a tiny grey toad or a brown-eyed Susan had the freshness and newness that held your imagination captive. What zest and superabundant energy went into every project, planned or unplanned! It mattered not whether the project was a frog hunt, a bike ride, or a fascinating bit of handicraft carefully planned and directed under the guidance of Hildegard Schneider, Betty's aunt, in the cool white-walled barn basement. We were really amused when one Brownie came triumphantly up the river bank during a frog hunt yelling, "I've got a tadpole, a tadpole!" And she held out a very stiff little object between two tight fingers. The "stiff" tadpole was a winged maple seed, blackened with age.

Four small very blonde children from the farm down the road came shyly to see the cause of all the hustle and excitement at the house and were soon a part of the splash party in the river, and taking turns with the scouts in riding the bike. Most of us know well the smoke-darkened, hot, glass-littered streets of the big cities, so it was easy to understand why we were deeply moved when one little girl was found looking out of the window very, very early the first morning. When she was asked to return to bed, she turned and whis-

pered very softly, "I will, Miss Jeanie, but oh, it's so pretty out there!"

It seems that we should declare a special day of thanksgiving for God's goodness to us this spring and summer. Rain has not been abundant but we have been showered with blessings. We had the kids here for the summer camp. The Summer School is going full swing. Friends from Wisconsin and from out of the state—priests, nuns, and lay-people—have been most generous and thoughtful, not only giving us encouragement but also bringing gifts of food and money—and always in the nick of time! Early in July we were given a day of inspiration, a Day of Recollection conducted by Father Flavian, O.F.M. Cap., beginning with a Mass said in the house by Father Farrenbacher of St. Cloud, Minnesota.

It was a great pleasure to have Margaret Nicholson spend part of her vacation with us. Margaret, now house mother in Harlem F. H., was with Monica Durkin a pioneer staff worker at St. Joseph Farm.

The farm would certainly have been at a grievous loss without the corps of excellent visiting volunteers who have been with us. What a grand bunch they are—talented, hard-working, generous, and thoughtful in every way. Three seminarians from Mt. Calvary—Al Lefebvre, Jim Cassidy, and Chuck Lesperance—worked for a week on the barn, shellacking the vast expanse of floor, painting the raw wood of the window frames and doors, keeping table conversation merry with quips and sallies. Joan Bauer, of Long Prairie, Minn., fits in perfectly, whether it's in working up parodies, cooking, or taking Brownies to a ballgame. Mildred Washington, one of our Chicago vols, wielded a paint brush over a

Forthcoming issues of our Friendship House paper will appear under its new name—

THE CATHOLIC  
INTERRACIALIST

wide range of objects, varying from an FH sign to a purple GI can. She cooked, too, and did a sharp job of quack eradication. Grace Pratt, also from Chicago, performed a major operation in reorganizing the farm files. And Mary McDonald, a New York vol, did so many things well that she was moved from here to there and back again, keeping the place from being drowned in uncompleted tasks. Helen Porter from Milwaukee is with us again this summer. We couldn't do well without that master gardener! Austin Herschel, a Chicagoan, stopped in for a few days and worked like a hyperactive beaver around the yard. Wish he could have stayed for months. How completely a capable man could put himself to good use around here! And we do need your prayers for the welfare of the summer camps we plan for future summers, and that the good seed sown during the Summer School sessions will bear abundant fruit.

## GILL, GROWTH AND GRACE

(Continued from page 2)

not radiate that far. Lay groups fulfill the role indispensably. Warning against closed groups, Suhard does not mean there should not be a nucleus within the group, but rather that it must have fluidity. Moreover, these lay groups must find common ground with those of other faiths. While he does not consider a kind of community living entirely necessary, it is an incentive for the spiritual life which these groups are to increase.

As we cannot render man supernatural before we have made him fully natural, the apostolate must embrace problems of housing, employment, food, leisure, education—touching all phases: religious, civil, and social. Our prevailing idea today is that action is physical, but action is both intellectual and physical. And the works of the flesh, in themselves, do not militate against the spirit. Therefore, the apostle should try to make men happy here on earth. The "things of Caesar" are nonetheless still the "things of God."

Reforms undertaken

through passion (hatred) rather than devotion to the will of God are fruitless, and the mark of the true apostle will be his loyalty to the Church and to the hierarchy: to the Church ("a gathering of people"), because the virtues in the New Law lead up to the grace of Christ and flow from it; to the hierarchy, because they are ministers of the sacraments, the means of grace, and because by our obedience we make right use of grace.

We cannot expect the Church to get better and better without our effort. This would be evolution. Rather, we should live in the eternal present, seeking perfection here and now. It is the love (grace) of Christ in us which binds the Church together, our love of God expressed by love for neighbor. We must distinguish what is essential from what is accidental by using the Gift of Wisdom. We have this Gift when we have the love of God. Only then will we have joy, peace, and mercy, which are the ingredients of beauty. Because if we "look after goodness and truth, beauty will take care of herself."

—H. Hronek

## CHURCH-COER 1948

I can feel rich in virtue when I gaze on them:  
The starving little children and the old;  
And pity those whose dull perception feels  
No mercy for the hungry and the cold.

Well-fed, and warm, and safe, and fat, I make  
The clucking sounds that prove my sympathy;  
And go to church, and wear a high-priced hat  
And know I pity virtuously.

—Rosalie Hoover.

## SEGREGATED PRICES

(Continued from page 3)

Although the prices are lower than other Harlem stores, the differential between chains in Harlem and those in other areas is greater than that between Harlem independent retail outlets and those in other sections (6% usually).

When we quote these facts to people they are invariably amazed. "But prices are always lower in slum areas," they will insist, mentioning some white slum, but admitting that the quality of the goods is less desirable, too. But such is not the case in a Negro slum. There the quality is the worst possible, the goods are far less fresh, and the prices are highest. It is certainly true that dealers everywhere will charge as much as the traffic will bear, and in white neighborhoods the prices are geared pretty closely to the income level of the area. There are variations in Harlem, too, but they appear to be the reverse of those elsewhere; we have noted it, the Negro press has decried it, and the NAACP booklet offers documentary evidence to it, showing that in the poorest area of Harlem—7th, 8th, and Lenox Avenues from 118th St. to 130th St., where the greatest percentage of people are on relief—the highest prices were charged for the cheapest quality and grade of food. That indeed is a feather in somebody's cap.

Children do a great deal of the family shopping for food in Harlem; those who righteously deplore this fact do not seem to realize that it is because in so many cases both mother and father, to say

nothing of older children, all have to work to meet the staggering prices with the paltry salaries paid to Negroes.

It must be admitted on the side of the merchants that rents are abnormally high on stores in Harlem and this, another of the vicious results of segregation, is a reason for higher prices. But it isn't the Negroes who own most of the property in Harlem, either for dwellings or for business places! The NAACP survey showed that only ONE out of the 43 Harlem food stores investigated is owned by a Colored man. Moreover, only 50% of the stores owned and operated by Whites in Harlem at that time employed Colored help. The percentage is probably higher today, but even so the Negroes employed are mostly in menial capacities, seldom if ever as clerks, or checkers, probably never as store managers. So that the vicious profits gleaned in Harlem don't even stay in Harlem.

Why, people ask us, do not Negroes go out of Harlem to shop, in view of all this? There are several reasons. One is that people always tend to shop in their own neighborhoods, especially for groceries. However, many Harlem housewives expend vast amounts of time and energy going to the "Public Market" on 3rd Avenue, where prices are better though the quality is not dependable. The cost of transportation eats up part of the savings, and is not practical except in large quantity shopping, for a several days' supply, at least. Many Negro families cannot manage this. But going to an all-white collection helped with the research.

## Kids' Corner

Summer "play school" for the Casita children will begin the first week of July, and continue for five weeks of classes, trips, and fun. Classes in crafts, music, religion, and drama, with some spiritual thinking sprinkled through it all. Trips to five grassy spots in and out of Chicago. And all the fun we can think of: games, swims, bubble-gum contests, songs, picnics—all according to the providence of God!

This summer's crop of visiting volunteers promises to be a big one. That's why we can plan to move the way the children do: in five directions at once.

The camping program promises to be a lively one, too. Some of the boys will be going to a CYO camp, some to a Catholic interracial camp at Palos Park, and some to a Boy Scout Camp. The big girls will go to a Southside Community Committee camp, and the Brownies to the Friendship House Farm at Marathon. A group of students in St. Louis have promised to raise some of the money, and to send four volunteer workers to one of the camps. The cost of the camping isn't yet covered. If you would like to help us meet our deadline, would you mail a mite to Camp Fund, Friendship House, 4233 Indiana, Chicago, Illinois?

In the interim between school and summer "play school," the Boy Scouts have been busy with week-end camping. The Girl Scouts and Brownies brought their year to a close with a joint picnic in the rain. During the down-pour, we stood under the eaves. During the drizzle we walked to a wide-open cement pavilion on the blustery lake shore. During a brief let-up, we romped on the icy wet sand. But the girls seemed to think everything was WONDERFUL, and all the better because of the rain.

—Mary Galloway

neighborhood to shop is something else again for Negroes, a great number of whom simply don't venture out of Harlem except when absolutely necessary. The great hindrance here is fear of white people—fear of humiliations and discourtesies, to say nothing of outright hostility, which may at any time be visited upon a Negro in a white area.

And so he finds himself forced one way or another to accept the conditions laid down for him by the white man—segregation, which breeds injustice because, though it hems in the Colored man does not keep out the White—particularly the profiteering White. That is why this price business is an evil within an evil. It is something for those to consider who think the Negro wants to move into a white neighborhood because he wants to associate with white people, go to their social affairs, or even marry their sisters; what he wants is a decent place to live and a chance to provide for his human needs at a fair and honest price.\*

—Mary Quinlan

\*My gratitude to Leona Lyons and Margaret Nicholson who helped gather facts on prices; and to Mr. Kaiser of the Schomburg collection helped with the research.

## NOTICE

For a Negro young man, age 18 to 25 years, who would like to spend a week at the

Center for Christ the King

Herman, Pennsylvania

We have a scholarship offer. This center is for young men interested in Catholic Action.



## ON VACATION

(Continued from page 1)

get the word around to these young people that there are groups dedicated to restoring the world in Christ, and that we need them and they need us! I never cease to thank the Lord for letting me pick up that Friendship House leaflet in that church in Washington, D. C., a couple of years ago. Otherwise I might never have known, and right now that's a horrible thought.

My seat companion on the long trek from Chicago to California was a charming girl, an employee of the War Department on an army troop transport traveling between San Francisco and the Far East. My integration of religion and railroad travel intrigued her, and she was especially interested in Prime and Compline. She and other Catholics aboard ship often have to go for a month without Mass, and so, despite the captain's disapproval, they say the Rosary publicly every evening together. They keep track of the attendance and tell the ship's Protestant chaplain, who gets the credit on his report. She also said her parents can't understand why she insists on going to Mass daily whenever she's in port.

At home in Los Angeles I was somewhat of a curiosity to old friends, who wanted the inside information—what it is really to like to live with Negroes? I'm afraid the answer was awfully dull. "Just like living with white people," I would say, and then tell them that in countries with a Catholic culture and traditions, prejudice and discrimination, because of color, simply don't exist.

Dr. Julia Metcalf, long-time apostle for interracial justice in Los Angeles, who has turned her home into a wonderful Catholic lending library, substantiated my remarks that in the great, great majority of cases, Negroes who have bought property in Southern California have indeed improved it. Dr. Peyton, eminent Los Angeles proctologist, told me that he thought the housing situation was better for Negroes there than in any other large city of the country. True, there is probably as great a shortage of housing in LA as in other cities, but Negroes have managed to purchase homes in many really nice sections of the city—and in spite of a network of restrictive covenants. A great influx of unskilled, poorly educated southern white people and equally unskilled and poorly educated southern Negroes to California has not helped race relations, however.

The greatest "interracial" joy I had in my home town was to speak to a group of young people of Holy Name Parish, an interracial parish if there ever was one, where Americans of several nationalities and races get along beautifully. There were Mexicans, Japanese, Negroes, and white people (of various shades!) at the breakfast I attended. If the sermon at Mass was a sample, it is easy to see why there is such harmony. A young priest gave as powerful a talk as I've heard on loving one's neighbor, packed with potent quotations from the Gospels. The kids all realized they had something in their parish, but they hadn't con-

sidered that they in turn could spread the idea to others.

Just before I left Los Angeles I visited a "Friendship Home" run by the Methodists, a very comfortable renovated house where working girls of all races are welcome, and which is run on a coop basis with funds supplemented by donations.

I was a little shocked to find that reserved seats on the only fairly fast train from LA to NY, via the South, are sold on a jimcrow basis. One Negro gentleman in our car, who had had a white person buy his ticket, was well acquainted with the federal law regarding segregation on interstate carriers. He told me he had won \$5,000 from one midwestern railroad and wouldn't mind another lawsuit at all—this with a calm voice and a twinkle in his eye. A Texan conductor at one point told a lady in the other end of the car that the colored man would be moved, but I noticed the Texan didn't even try. He probably knew the law, too. I stopped eating in the diner after we hit Texas, for the food didn't taste very good when segregation went along with it, and instead took to those nondescript sandwiches they raffle off in coaches.

Grand hospitality awaited this wayfarer at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Grand Coteau, Louisiana. One of the nuns there quoted a Catholic educator saying that unless we admit Negroes to our schools we might as well stop teaching religion!

In New Orleans Mr. Jackson of the Catholic Committee of the South found me a place to stay, with a woman he sees at Mass daily. She's a registered nurse who works unsparingly running a day (and night if needed) nursery for poor working mothers. Sometimes she hasn't any money at all and nothing to eat, but never refuses to take a child. She says she's come to realize that the Lord does provide if you really trust him—shades of FH, no less! I felt right at home. And she put me to work, which also reminded me of FH!

Mr. Jackson introduced me to an outstanding New Orleans layman, Mr. Levy, of the very active Evidence Guild and president of the Metropolitan Council of Holy Name Societies. He is greatly responsible for the new six-man interracial committee of Holy Name Societies. The father of nine children, he has three daughters who are religious in the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul.

I received a most cordial reception from Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Thomas at their home. Mr. Thomas is one of the Negro members of the Holy Name Interracial Committee, an officer of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and another fine Catholic, father of six children, one daughter a Sister of the Holy Family. We should pray for successful meetings for this very important committee. It is a great step to have Negroes and white people in the South sitting together around a conference table and talking things over.

Next came a visit to Loyola University of the South and a good talk with Father Twomey, S.J., and Father

(Continued on page 8)

## VISITORS THIS MONTH

Here we are at the crossroads of the world, it seems. It would be worthwhile, we sometimes think, to keep a diary not only of the names but of the conversations of visitors at Friendship House. Just glance at this geography from our visitors' book this month: St. Paul, Baltimore, Callicoon, Huntington, Jersey City, Maryknoll, Norwalk, Detroit, Covington, Toledo, St. Petersburg, Lisle, Lakehurst, Chester, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Hartford, Manchester, Bristol, Wilmette, Graymoor, South Longhorne, Conway (Ark.), Fond du Lac, Montgomery, Washington, D. C., Mt. Vernon, AND Brooklyn of course, not to mention Manhattan, the Bronx and Long Island.

Sisters have come to say they are praying for us. We know they do more: they collect money, clothes and books, and are an advertising agency to their pupils, friends, and fellow religious. Seminarians are a corky bunch. They always stop up the gaps, giving their time, energy, and money, but they hate a fuss—and never think even their prayers are worth a thank you. Priests are seminarians in triplicate. They always ask our prayers, when we know it is they who are our leaders, teachers, advisers—the bearers of the grace of their sacrament. And the ordinary people, like ourselves, come with the hope of helping, of sharing our labors for interracial justice.

Along with others, there were a few visitors from very far away. Rev. Dr. MacCormack from St. Francis Xavier University, who is actively connected with the Nova Scotia Credit Union League, and whose friend, Dougal MacFarlane, has been a visiting volunteer during the summer; Sister Mary Paul and Sister Mary Christella from Maryknoll, who had spent long years in Hong Kong and seen the worst years of the war; Father N. A. Thomas of Trivandrum, India, here for study; and Jerry Polc from Prague, Czechoslovakia, on his way to St. Procopius Abbey, Lisle, Illinois. Jerry stayed a few days with us, seeing the "wonder city of the world." He says it is exactly like the postcards and movies, but he feels that nobody here likes to be "normal"—they all want to be "different." Well, Friendship House aims at normalcy, and finds that that is strangely different from the world's ways.

## Other Christs

Among our greatest joys are the visits and letters of our erstwhile seminarian friends who are newly ordained priests. These are the Church's counterpart to the highly trained Communist elite. Theirs is the unchanging doctrine of the Church instead of a slavishly fluctuating "party line." They know the Christian teachings on economics which would give each man what he needs for a virtuous, independent life, instead of making him a helpless tool of the State. These new priests have the great powers of the sacraments which give eternal life to the soul and make men fearless in the glorious liberty of the children of God, instead of the physical force which makes

## Around The House

By Ann Harrigan

We have a litany of woes. Five robberies in a month. Somebody broke our windows.

The family of six we are housing in Friendship House are still looking for a place to live.

We are really poor and wondering how we are going to go through this summer.

But there are some good things, too, and God is watching over us in His holy and merciful providence, we know. For example, there is the wealth of new staff workers: Shirley and Virginia Renner, Margaret Young, Jean Lang and Joan Mertensotto. Then there is the prospect of many visiting volunteers for the summer: Fred Kubart of Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis; Monica Mulvihill, Mildred Heifner, Mary Clare Lawler, all from Omaha; Jim Grannon, from Antigonish, Nova Scotia. Some of these may join the staff after the summer, as will Grace Pratt, who just graduated from Rosary College.

Then there are the First Masses of some of our former volunteer workers. We proudly salute and humbly ask the blessing of Rev. George Powers, now of Indianapolis; Rev. Donald Rooney, now of South Dakota; Rev. John Borecky of Chicago; Rev. Stephen Vrabely, and all the host of others, who sent us notice of their ordination. May God enlighten them to lead us!

Then there are the marriages and babies. Sylvia and Bill Lynch recently had a boy; Bernice and Russ Barta, a girl. Rosemary Grundei and Peter Sprenger were married June 16th.

So you see, there is a great deal to rejoice about.

I know Blessed Martin is a doer of miracles, but I never was a party to a miracle, till—but wait—here is the letter I received:

"Dear Ann: I have news that I am afraid is going to shock you very much, but I must write it to you, because I know you will understand, and because I must ask for your help. I have been told by three different doctors that I have ulcerative colitis, a rare disease for which there is no cure. Death may come within a few months or years, and in any case, it is a pretty horrible and nasty one."

I am green with fear, and shaken to the very roots. My friend, Father—says we should pray to Blessed Martin for a miracle. I told him I did not think I had a sufficient amount of faith for that, but he said all you have to do is desire the will of God in this matter; and get after your friends who are good on the prayers. It will be up to them to have the faith needed to procure a miracle!

men slaves. They have the love which will conquer hate. One of them in the South sent out cards showing a White and a Colored worker kneeling at the feet of Christ. He realizes he has been sent to all Christ's children, thinking of immortal souls, not complexions. We gladly kneel at the feet of these "other Christs" to receive their blessings and pledge our loyalty to their holy leadership.

So that is why I am writing to you, because I know you have faith, and because I owe so much to you, in bringing me to God . . ."

My first reaction was to get down on my knees and say the Rosary for her health, and for an inspiration as to what to do. Then I asked everybody at the farm, where we were studying at the time, how we could mobilize our prayers. Muriel Zimmerman, a Blessed Martin devotee, suggested that we send her some dirt which came from Blessed Martin's grave in Peru. I weakly feared my friend's reaction to this suggestion. And I did not even know where we could procure it.

To my utter amazement, while looking for a small linen relic of Blessed Martin, I found a little packet containing the very thing—dirt from his grave! Muriel said that people who had swallowed this dirt were known to have been cured of many troubles.

I wrote to the lady and told her I was beginning a crusade of prayer, enlisting all my friends, including Eddie Doherty, another Blessed Martin devotee from way back: it was from him that I first learned about Blessed Martin. Even Susan Mangan, my little niece, was enlisted to prepare better for her first Holy Communion by offering her prayers and penances for the intention that God would cure this lady by a miracle, for of course it is the power of God that works any miracle, and in this case we hoped Blessed Martin would be the instrument of God.

Less than two weeks later, I got another letter from the lady, saying she had eaten the dirt the day before, at 12 o'clock noon. At 2:45 P. M. she had been given a third examination by the doctor, after which he reported that there was no sign of the disease. This was the very same doctor who had told her a week before, when she had asked him if there were any hope for her: "Madam, I deal only with the facts. There is no hope!"

A second thrilling circumstance seems to confirm the miraculous nature of this happening. When Mrs. X got home, she immediately called the priest who had been praying very hard for her all this time. The conversation was something like this:

Mrs. X: Well Father, you can quit praying now.

Father: Oh no, not yet, Mrs. X. We still have to make a thanksgiving.

Mrs. X: What are you talking about? I haven't told you anything yet.

Father: I know you have been cured, for I met Brother Cosmas today, about 1 o'clock. You know, he is the very holy Brother that I had praying especially for you. And I said to him, "Are you still praying hard for the lady I told you about?" His answer was: "We won't have to pray very much longer, Father, for the lady is cured."

The news of this wonderful event positively thrilled us through and through. It made us feel so close to God, and made us realize what a wonderful protector and big brother Blessed Martin is.



# THE STREETS OF NEW YORK

By MARGARET BEVINS

The phrase, "the field is white for the harvest" makes our thoughts race to Africa, India, China. Filled with pity and helplessness, we forget that in the next apartment, in the same office or classroom, many Americans are just as completely without God. Is New York City a "mission country?" France, for centuries called "the eldest daughter" of the Church, now has a project called the "Mission of Paris" wherein priests and laymen labor to restore Christ to the workers. The old norms are no longer valid, the statistics of professed Christians deceive. It is not so much that God is denied in this world as that His existence is considered a matter of indifference, no more than a personal affair.

The thousands of streets of New York stretch unendingly waiting for the Christ-bearers to bring them life. But the Christians are comfortably in their homes intent on a new car, a promotion, a summer vacation, while the anti-Christians are laboring among the people spreading half-truths of brotherhood and their vision of human justice. We are busy about many things. "We are the half givers, the half lovers." Religion is one portion of our life, work another, love another, recreation another.

We feel that the strife is far removed from us; that it is being fought in Yugoslavia, in Poland, in the Ukraine. But it is among the wretched materialists of Wall Street, the down-and-outers begging drinks in the shadow of the Third Avenue El; the tight-shod women of means strolling the spacious sidewalks of

Fifth Avenue; the thin children playing with tin cans in the colorful squalor of Mott Street and the grim drabness of Lenox Avenue. It is wherever human beings live and dream and plot to get their daily bread.

Friendship House workers have been selling Friendship House News every Saturday in the shopping districts of New York. It is a strange thing, for people are not used to hearing of Christ in the marketplace in front of Macy's on Saturday, the day dedicated to dollars and cents. Everything in its place, and Sunday morning is the portion of the week which belongs to God. But people are buying our papers!

The day has come when the ordinary Christian must make himself splendid in the blood of Christ. It is no longer "Your faith or the sword," nor the final, glorious moment of triumph the martyrs enjoyed: it is the more difficult, daily effort to bring Christ into the common tasks of life, into business and study and play. Perhaps in our times it will never be a noisy war of blood, anti-Christian against Christian. Rather it will be a tiresome stretch of days and years in which the realization of the sacredness of the human person made like unto God grows with many an ache in the hearts of men. The courage to face the lions or to object to a "nigger" joke or to distribute Christian literature on Thirty-Fourth Street—it is all the same.

It is time to abandon our own little worlds for the world Christ died for. The enemy is not Communism or Fascism. It is our own mediocrity.

## TO CLAUDE McKAY

Rest, weary pilgrim, now your journey's through,  
Your last surrender made to love and death.  
How peace and justice must have welcomed you  
Who fought injustice to your dying breath.  
Long have you sought, with burning tongue and pen,  
Filled with a fevered, bitter, anguished thirst,  
For justice still denied your fellowmen  
Outraged, oppressed, degraded by the worst.

Nobility of purpose guided you  
To search for truth in every grade of life.  
Your loneliness was known to but a few  
Who learned the secret of your inner strife.  
Well done, good servant, faithful, gentle, true,  
May Christ, the Sun of Justice, be with you.

—James Rogan.

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## HOORAY!

(Continued from page 5)

day he had the gall to ask me to conduct a catechism class for the children. You will readily understand why I became peeved when I tell you that being a graduate of a Catholic College I have a wonderful background in Scholastic Philosophy. You'd think he might ask me to conduct a study club on St. Thomas!

Don't get me wrong—I think my pastor is one swell guy. He can always count on me for helpful suggestions. A brainy fellow like me can think them up out of thin air. I sometimes wonder where all my good ideas come from. But I don't keep them to myself; I share them with my pastor. I usually call him at dinner time or late at night because then I am always sure to find him in and I don't have to worry about interrupting some important conversation. I am considerate that way.

I am also extremely zealous about the integrity of religious vocations. The Watchdog of the Religious Orders they call me. I have discouraged many young men and girls from wasting their lives by entering a religious order. The way I figure is that if I can discourage them from entering then they never had a vocation in the first place. The religious orders owe me a world of thanks for weeding out the unsuitable candidates.

Most people are amazed at the knowledge I display of the Bible. I have in my grasp many technical and obscure passages of the Bible and I find this knowledge vital and helpful in my work. It saves a great deal of time to go into a saloon and strike up a conversation over the passage from St. Paul—you know the one that says you ought to drink a little wine for your stomach's sake. It is rather hard to judge what he meant by a little, but let us not quibble over such fine points.

Girls get furious when I tell them that St. Paul insisted they wear hats in church and strictly obliged them to keep quiet. They do not like the idea that he also commanded them to obey their husbands, but I feel I would be remiss in my duties did I not bring this bit of information to their attention. Yes I do have a brilliant grasp of the Bible. I feel that more people should share this knowledge with me.

My activities take up a great deal of my time and often I don't get to bed until three in the morning, and so exhausted that I am unable to get up for Mass in the morning.

Yes, there is something to this Catholic Action business. Did I hear someone say they need a volunteer?

## AS THE JIMCROW FLIES

SOUTHERN NEWSPAPERS have editorially protested the action of several score white-robed men who recently invaded a Negro Girl Scout Leaders' training camp at Birmingham, Ala., and ordered two White instructors to "get out of town."

Girl Scout worker Elizabeth Ijams and a companion reported they were awakened by several sheeted figures entering their tent, located some distance from a dormitory occupied by the Negro students. The intruders hunted through the women's baggage and told them Alabama citizens did not approve of White and Negro women occupying the same sleeping quarters. The Scout leaders were not injured.

"THE ALMOST COMPLETE IMMUNITY from punishment enjoyed by lynchers is merely a striking form of the broad and general immunity from punishment enjoyed by Whites in many communities for less extreme offenses against Negroes. Moreover, lynching is the ultimate threat by which his inferior status is driven home to the Negro. As a terrorist device, it reinforces all the other disabilities placed upon him. The threat of lynching always hangs over the head of the Southern Negro; the knowledge that a misinterpreted word or action can lead to his death is a dreadful burden." (Report of the Civil Rights Committee.)

A TRUTHFUL ADVERTISEMENT for property open to Negro rental was confected by Reginald A. Johnson, Director of Field Service of the National Urban League. Printed in *American City* and reprinted in *Magazine Digest* for July, 1948, it reads as follows:

"House at least 60 years of age, badly in need of repairs

and re-decoration . . . cold in winter and hot in summer . . . conveniently located near smoky factories, noisy railway yards . . . and frequent fragrance from nearby stockyards. Neighborhood highly deteriorated and well supplied with all factors that encourage crime and delinquency. Heavy truck traffic in area, no nearby playgrounds, and fire-trap schoolhouse. Best thing available for nice Negro family at exorbitant rent."

WHEN THE INQUIRING REPORTER of a Baltimore newspaper asked five Negroes in Washington, D. C., whether they considered Communism fairer to Negroes than American Southern democracy, all five, three women and two men, answered in the affirmative. What our Nation needs and what our South needs is more applied Christianity. The threat of Communism will die when a healthy Christian democracy lives. Communism fears comparison with the American ideal. Its victories come out of our failures to live up to those ideals (North Carolina Catholic).

JUDGE J. WATIES WARING, of the United States District Court, Eastern District of South Carolina, issued a restraining order in the suit filed by attorneys for the NAACP against 89 officers and members of the State's Democratic Party, who, the complaint alleges, have sought to deprive Negro citizens of their right to vote.

Pursuant to this aim, the party passed rules prohibiting any Negro from joining Democratic Party clubs, requiring that every Negro upon registering present a general registration certificate, and requiring every member of the Democratic Party to take an oath to uphold racial segregation and oppose F.E.P.C. legislation.

## ON VACATION

(Continued from page 5)

Fichter, S.J. The latter told of the work of the newly established Regional Interracial Commission of the NFCCS, with students from Loyola and Xavier universities and Dominican and Ursuline colleges participating in regular interracial meetings. We should pray much for all these southern young people of good will, for to them it is not a question of whether segregation should be removed but when and how it will be removed, and they surely need clear help from the Holy Spirit in their work. At Xavier I renewed acquaintance with Sister Ann Xavier and other Sisters of the Bless-

ed Sacrament, who under the direction of Mother Agatha, conduct this excellent university for Negroes in the South. Sister told me about the first Xavier alumnus to be ordained to the priesthood, Father Bartholomew Sayles, OSB, now stationed at St. John's Abbey in Collegeville, Minnesota. I wasn't the least surprised to have Father Bartholomew, himself, walk into Harlem Friendship House the day after my return, for one just never knows who's going to visit us next. But it was wonderful to receive his blessing and kiss his hand.

Well, I certainly know now what that F. H. pamphlet means when it talks about a staff worker spending his vacation within the apostolate.

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